

RESTORATION

Vol. II.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JULY, 1949

No. 8.

A Seminarian Must War On Poverty and Sin

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Friend; FAITH WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD. On that sentence I finished my last letter to you. With it I begin this one.

For you and I have discussed ways and means of bringing knowledge to your parish. Knowledge, that will lead to love of God. For you and I know, that once mind and soul are faced with the beauty of God, then the heart and will are set on fire with love. Then life will become a great adventure with Him Whom our hearts love . . . And hunger will possess us, hunger for Him and His Eternal Hills.

And men shall arise in search of ways to assuage this hunger. Finding almost at once, that outside of the Church itself, Christ is easiest found IN THEIR NEIGHBOR . . . and that loving, ministering and serving our brothers in Him, our fellow human beings, is the only way that great and holy hunger can at least be partially filled, in this world.

It's Up To You

It will therefore fall on you to direct that search into its proper and saintly channels. Fan that newly acquired zeal for Our Father's House. Use it where it will do most good.

Your first step in that direction, when you will be a priest, should be a sort of a personal survey of the social conditions of your parish. The assessing of its many short-comings, its human needs, its weak spots and its strong ones. You will be like an army headquarters, organizing a war on poverty and sin within your sector.

Infinite are the ills of men. Within your domain you will have the hungry and the destitute, the lame, the halt and the blind, literally and figuratively. The lonely and the shut-ins. The very old and the very young both abandoned. You will have restless youth—rudderless . . . and complacent middle age—losing its soul! What are you going to do about them? And about those who have lost their way entirely?

The Science of It

True, you live in an "efficient" age. On your desk stands a phone. You CAN dial a number, another one, a third. And presto, you will be able to shift the burden of PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY, for many of the needy who stand before your desk so often, on other IMPERSONAL SHOULDERS, that are learned, trained and paid, do deal SCIENTIFICALLY, OBJECTIVELY

with all such. Only when you do, don't look into the eyes of those who came to you for such help. You may read strange things in them . . . you may even see strange things . . . that may make your nights sleepless and your days full of heaviness and uneasiness.

Yes. You may permit your future duties AS A SHEPHERD OF THE LORD'S SHEEP, to deteriorate, in some phases, into a plain and simple REFERRAL AGENCY, which acts as a contact between a mind or a body in need and the many "AGENCIES" set up to render specialized services. BUT DO YOU REALLY WANT TO DO THAT?

Nightmare of "Charity"

If you do, you may have a dream. And it will go something like this . . . Even-tide. The rays of a setting sun fall on a dusty road, on which, slowly, several men walk. They look weary and dusty.

They are approaching the walls of a small town. Leaning against one of these is a blind beggar, who hearing their soft footsteps, and perhaps, having been told whom they belong to, cries out, "Son of David, give me sight" . . . And in your dream . . . Christ turns to Peter, and bids him to take the case record of the blind man, fully. Then turning to the beggar, Christ orders him to come to His office to-morrow morning at nine.

You would call a dream like that a nightmare. Would you not? It would seem almost blasphemous to link Christ the Lord . . . with case records, red tape, and offices . . . Would it not? But YOU are going to be ORDAINED . . . which means that you are to be an ALTER CHRISTUS! Why, then, should you do things that you would consider almost blasphemy to attribute to Him?

Follow The Master

And so I hope that instead of a REFERRAL AGENCY, you, and your parishioners under your guidance, will attend to as many corporal and spiritual works of mercy as is naturally, and supernaturally, possible.

For your program of lectures, open-forums, seminars, study clubs, cells, retreats, Cana and pre-Cana courses, have by now opened your people's minds, hearts, eyes, and souls, to seeing Christ in their brother.

And so, like the laity of times gone by, they will PERSONALLY take care of many, many needs. Fellow parishioners and their families (Continued on Page Four)

Among The Hills

W. C. Dwyer

The scene was the end of the old Opeongo Trail, in a valley on the upper Madawaska River, near the famed Algonquin Provincial Park. Here we founded the parish of St. Matthew the Apostle on October 11th, 1931.

There was a spacious church of cement block, standing forlorn in a field, with white sand drifting past the door. There were no other buildings.

It was a small matter to pull the altar in the sacristy, away from the wall, attach some old draperies to either sides, and set up a bed that was dust-gathering in the attic. The presbytery was thus instituted, and the new pastor was 'at home'.



After eighteen years in this hinterland there are a few reminiscences, that come struggling to the point of my pen. I am wondering whether or not they might be of interest to you.

The poet (a lesser poet) said that if one can build a better mouse trap than his neighbor, the world would make a beaten track to his door . . . Well, I haven't been working on the improvement of mouse-traps and the task I am engaged in is not to seek acclaim, or to bring the world to my door, but, now that the subject has been mentioned, there might be something to the idea. There are times when loneliness sets the heart longing for the sympathy and consideration of well-wishers. Also when futility and meagre fruit stalk one's endeavors amongst a sparse, dour and illiterate people, there might be some compensation in 'bringing the world to my door' or at least feeling that a number of people here and there know about my doings. One can find here all the

(Continued on Page Three)

Madonna House Visitors Express Some Ideas

By CHARLES CONROY

Here's the setting; tall pines along the banks of the brown Madawaska. Cedars, maples, birch trees like little girls in First Communion dresses. More kinds of birds and wild flowers than you have ever seen before. It is a perfect place for a holiday.

And life at Madonna House is a holiday for visiting volunteers. Every day there is Mass, Prime, a meditation, Compline, and the Rosary, all in common. We have a swim every afternoon, many informal lectures, discussions, and arguments, and hundreds of fine books to read. Sometimes there is a party to go to, and square dancing to learn; sometimes there's a fishing expedition or a picnic.

But this kind of diet is too sweet and concentrated by

itself. The bread and potatoes we need consists of a wonderful variety of chores, organized by the B. They are not very exciting — no evangelizing of the countryside, but a slow preparation for the horde of disciples to come (fingers crossed, pray-erwise) and also a chance for Eddie and the B to attend to their literary business.

The full schedule adds up to the most all-round, punch-packed education that ever could be. How punch-packed it is just can't be expressed on paper. All the elements come together to take us greenhorns and set us firmly on the road to success in life, the path to sanctity.

Everything comes together for that end . . . even the mosquitoes.

By MISS PEGGY POWER

Dear Fellow Student,

Have you ever heard the Baroness deliver a lecture? I ask you this question because it explains how and why many students like ourselves come to spend our summer vacation at Madonna House.

It is here, after the chores of the day have been completed, that we, the visiting volunteers, gather round to discuss with the Baroness every conceivable topic pertaining to the Lay Apostolate and Catholic Action.

Perhaps this night life doesn't appeal to you at all. You might even say, "How dull," and then decide not to finish reading my letter. But for those of you who might be interested in knowing just what questions we do discuss during our nightly talks I will continue.

Our first venture was to try to clearly understand the Lay Apostolate F.H. Style. We heard the history of the Movement from the Foundress herself. But our inquiry was not confined to F.H. alone because we went on from there to make an extensive comparison of F.H. with the Catholic Worker.

Twelve Is Still The Magic Number

By Catherine Doherty

In May, Madonna House, Combermere, graduated its first twelve "apostles of mercy," the members of the twelve weeks course in the Red Cross Home Nursing lessons.

On July 3rd, it graduated another group of twelve, this time in Madawaska.

It was hot on each occasion, but neither pupils, teacher, friends nor guests

noticed the heat too much. They had come through cold, rain, and scorching heat, some of them from rather long distances, to attend the course. They had learned how to relieve suffering; they could suffer a little sunshine.

Besides, they were all dressed in spotless white, these graduates. And what is better to wear in the sun?

The graduates were Mrs. R. Seemurd, Mrs. A. Thurston, Mrs. E. Seemurd, Mrs. J. Michaud, Mrs. Therna (Continued on Page Three)

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EDDIE DOHERTY Editor
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY Managing Editor
GRACE FLEWELLING Circulation Manager

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

How far we have wandered away from the tranquility of God's Order! For we violate one of its foundations daily, even though, with our lips, we seem to accept and approve of that foundation.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL. Righteously everyone seems to agree . . . And yet . . . stealing goes on, day in and day out, on large scales . . . Political graft . . . is given and taken, with both sides satisfied, and proud at having evaded the law.

Taking in suckers . . . one of which is born every minute . . . is another daily occurrence . . . the misrepresentations that take our neighbor's goods without his full knowledge or consent.

Youth proudly speaks of its exploits of theft and robbery . . . of cars . . . of goods . . . the property of others.

The poor are prosecuted to the limit of the law . . . seldom the rich who steal on a grand scale. When they are tried, they make news, which far from shocking most of the readers of the daily press, make them shake their head with pity that such big time operators have been so careless as to be found out. To "get away with it" is a sign of bravery and intelligence.

God's Order . . . Its tranquility . . . how far they are from our perverse generation! Theft, the taking in secret of another man's property or goods . . . and robbery, a still graver sin, are so commonplace in our days that few bother about them.

Honesty . . . truthfulness . . . uprightness of mind and soul . . . these old fashioned virtues are seldom practiced. Perhaps because of this our international situation is what it is. When men become lenient to theft, when the foundations of God's design are lost sight of, when honesty becomes synonymous with "being a sucker" . . . or not being in the know, or not taking advantage of others . . . then it follows that Nations, composed of individuals who have lost all sense of proportion, become thieves on a grand scale . . . and steal whole peoples and countries while the rest of the world stands helplessly by.

If we forget the first Commandment of God . . . if He is not the center of our individual, collective, and international life . . . then indeed the gates of Hell are opened, and the Mystery of Iniquity that dwells therein, is let loose . . . darkening the world with its stygian darkness . . . in which men are lost . . . and souls die.

We live in just such times. And yet we know that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against us. Let us then arise . . . and practise, and teach others to do likewise, the seventh commandment of God . . . restoring His heritage to Him . . . and bringing back His Order and its Tranquility, into this parched and hungry earth. Let us do it now . . . before it is too late.



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Early on the twenty-fifth day of this month I intend to leave this hot but breezy paradise for a week or more. No, I am not going on a vacation — since life here, despite the work I am permitted to do — is a perpetual vacation. I am going on a sort of pilgrimage.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth I shall sleep in the rectory of the Rev. J. B. Ferguson, in Warkworth, Ontario, a beautiful small city not far north from the shores of Lake Ontario; and early the next morning, the pastor and I will set out for the Jesuit Martyrs' shrine at Midland.

My idea is not only to take part in the three hundredth anniversary celebration of the martyrdom of St. John Brebeuf and his companions, but also to write a story about it for our August issue.

You're going too? That's fine. Look us up. You'll like Father Ferguson.

Ever since I first came to this part of the world I have intended to visit Midland. The story of the Jesuit martyrs who died under the tomahawks and the knives of the Iroquois has always fascinated me.

Legend or Fact?

There is a legend here which indicates that Brebeuf, stepping out of his birch bark canoe, once preached to the Indians of this region, on the spot near which our Church of the Sacred Heart now stands; and that, at some subsequent date, he baptized and married two of his al fresco congregation.

Our pastor, Rev. Patrick Dwyer, is at present constructing a shrine on the hill above the church; and many men of the parish are helping him with their time, their labor, their money, and their skill. It will be a thing of beauty when it is completed, and, along the steep roads that lead up to it, there will be the fourteen stations of the cross.

But, after all, it is only a legend that the saintly Jesuit paddled up or down our Madawaska river, that he ever preached in Combermere. We like to believe he did, but we have nothing to prove it. However, we feel his presence here, and we are delighted that Father Dwyer has chosen to honor him with a shrine.

There is nothing legendary, though, about his life among the Hurons in the Midland district; nothing legendary about his martyrdom there. So naturally, though we shall go frequently to the local shrine, we must go, at least once, to the shrine at Midland.

Three Short Centuries

And, of course, we must not miss the tercentenary celebration.

Three hundred years seems a long time to us in this new world, because our history is so short. It would not seem so long to a European, nor to an Asiatic.

And to an historian, the time seems absurdly short, hardly as much as an hour in the world's long day.

The world hasn't improved much in that hour, has it? Oh, I don't mean that it hasn't advanced in science. You can name many things to show the progress we have made in some lines. Radio. Sulfa drugs. Polaroid glasses. Nylon stockings. Super

markets. Objects like that.

But brother still fights against brother. Men still deny God, and war upon His Church.

Three hundred years ago it was the painted Iroquois who lifted his weapons to destroy the indestructible. Today it is another sort of Red, with deadlier weapons, and a much more savage hate.



Looking back through this brief moment in history we are appalled at the cruelty and the malice of the Indians, and at the many victims their stone hatchets sent to eternal glory. We shudder as our imaginations picture the torture of Brebeuf.

Today's Martyrs

Yet we are more or less complacent about the present day torture of saintly priests and prelates in various parts of our so-called civilized world.

Undoubtedly all Catholics have read about the thousands of priests and nuns, and the tens of thousands of lay Catholics, who were martyred in Spain, in Germany, in Russia, in China and Japan, and in other far-off lands, during the last ten years.

Yet I have never seen anybody in the United States or Canada who was much disturbed about these martyrs — except when their relatives were among the victims. I have talked to many who never even thought of praying for the dead, or for those who killed them.

This persecution of the church is both too near to us in time, and too far away from us in action, to impress us greatly. That may be why we feel more horror, after three hundred years, in thinking about the Jesuit martyrs than we do when we consider the fate of, let us say, Cardinal Mindzenty.

Our Lady of Fatima

There has grown, however, in the last few months, an extraordinary devotion to Our Lady of Fatima, together with a movement toward prayers for the conversion of Russia, and toward real penance for our sins, and toward mortification for the sins of others.

But this movement must widen, must increase in fervor, if the persecution of today is to be checked.

Our Lady of Fatima has shown us the way. She has given us all the weapons we need. The rest is up to us. If we are only luke-warm . . .

Is it hard to suppose that, three hundred years or more from now, some Catholic man or woman, making up his or her mind to visit a martyrs' shrine, will wonder just where to go, (Continued on Page Three)

The B's Corner

The mail brought a little pamphlet to my desk the other day. On its light grey cover the simple yet startling title stands out vividly in letters of black . . . FOR HAPPIER FAMILIES. Happier families? Oh how we need them! For if there is one thing that MUST be restored to Christ at once now . . . it is the HOME. The home which is, to use a trite expression, the cradle of our nations, where the souls, minds, and hearts, not to mention the bodies of our future citizens are formed.

The opening sentences of the pamphlet give the key to the rest of it: Hundreds of Catholic families have found a way to greater happiness. THEY HAVE EMBARKED ON AN ADVENTURE THAT HAS ADDED NEW ZEST, NEW PURPOSE TO LIFE . . . AND HAVING WON THIS GREATER HAPPINESS, THEY HAVE FOUND THAT THE MORE THEY SHARE IT, THE MORE THEY HAVE IT."

How true . . . and if YOU want to find more happiness . . . this little pamphlet will tell you HOW . . . will describe the great adventure of making life in the home Christocentric. It costs only 35 cents . . . And you can get it from the Chicago Federation of Christian Family Action—the C.F.A.—as it is known in the U.S.A., at Room 1808, 100 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Behind this rather long title, stand as its founders and prime movers, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Crowley of Wilmette, Ill., two people in love with each other and with God, parents of four children of their own, and three adopted ones. They have a lovely home in the residential section of Wilmette, a fashionable Chicago suburb. He is a young lawyer.

Apostles At Home

They did not leave their home. They did not go in for any spectacular apostolate. They simply rediscovered the fullness of Christ and His teachings. They literally fell in love with God all over, and by doing so began a revolution that has affected hundreds of people, especially married couples, and that is still going on gloriously, making straight the many paths of the Lord, especially that of married life.

I will always remember the day when I first met them. Young handsome, straight, full of laughter and joy of living, they had invited Eddie and myself, to a party at their lovely home.

In the basement game room, over a few mild drinks and lovely sandwiches, these eager and saintly people talked only of God, and ways and means of bringing Him back into this world.

Never did we have a better party, nor a better time than we did that night with Patrick Crowley and his wife . . . The fruit of their search is in the little pamphlet, with a grey cover and black letters. You can share in this adventure with God . . . if you get it.

Sadness In The Mail

My heart is sad. For I received a letter from Rev. Father Abraham Kuthiankel, of the Immaculate Conception Chapel of Valavoor, Palai PO, Tavancore, S. India. This is what he says:—

"A few weeks back I received your letter dated (Continued on Page Four)

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

The summer is speeding on whispering feet, so fast that I barely can catch the sound of its muffled steps . . . Or maybe, I don't even try, for our orderly days merge one into another, like the voices of a well trained choir.

Yet there is joy and beauty for us in every passing day. The morning walk to Mass, through the scented pine road, is a never ending wonder. Every morning is different in its perfect beauty. The sky, the clouds, the sunlight and shadows along the way, are never the same.

Breakfast on the screened porch, with lively discussions on God and the things of God, is varied too. The chores are the same. Sweeping, cleaning, dusting, dish-washing, but the sound of young voices arguing this point or that left over from the breakfast discussion, fills the house with life and laughter.

Like To Help?

Prime, said in common at 10 a.m. is like a pause that really refreshes the mind and soul, and blesses the work day. After it, everyone goes to his appointed task. And there are many. The outdoor chores, garden, wood pile, building shelves, fixing this or that. Bookkeeping. Library work. The apiary, the pigs, the chickens. Letters. Article writing. Cooking. Baking bread and pastry. Filing. Mailing out Restoration and the Outer Circle letter. Teaching Red Cross Classes. Giving out clothing. Sorting it, hanging it up. Making jam and preserves. Teaching the youth that came to us for indoctrination.

Dinner at twelve. And more discussions on the Apostolate. A visit to the Blessed Sacrament. A few minutes of recollection. The reading of a spiritual book. Back to work. Four o'clock—a swim in the cool Madawaska and tea on the lawn. A period of study and reading. Supper, and more talk of things that matter. The final tidying up. The day is completed with the reciting of the Hour of Compline, and the Rosary, followed with informal seminars and round table discussions.

Yes, summer speeds by on its soft whispering feet, and yet it is not wasted at Madonna House. Its benediction brings us, I hope, closer to God. And there are many of "us" here these days.

Every Hour is God's

True, there are not always the same ones. Our visitors, and visiting volunteers, come and go. Staying a week, two, four, maybe more. But the horarium of our days is changeless. Every hour is God's.

First to come, in May, was Margaret Conroy. She stayed six weeks, then left us to go to Newfoundland, and Agnes Schneider came next, from Wisconsin, and left to earn some money and to go back to college. Charlie Conroy and Phil Larkin are with us till August first, when they will go to F.H., New York, and the Catholic Worker, to find out yet more about the Lay Apostolate.

Leona Chartrand from Kars and Toronto, Ont.; Corrine Camp from Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Taube and Serge, her son, who is now working on a neighboring farm; Charles Froelicher

from New Jersey and Switzerland; Count Edmund Czernin from Austria and Boston; Peggy Power from Nova Scotia; Helen Coolan and Henrietta Hroneck from F.H., New York — they all passed through the Blue Door of Madonna House, and all helped to make it a better place, a more orderly one.

It is good to have Catholic youth come to learn, and to teach us. We thank God for each and all of them, as we do for all the visitors who have stopped to look us over and offer their help, understanding, and interest, in our humble apostolate.

Every summer, we endeavour to build for the coming winter. For the first years of any Friendship House branch, are given over to the physical building up of the premises and grounds (if any) for the work to come. Many hands make short the work. God in His goodness sends them to us. May His Name be praised forever!



AMONG THE HILLS

(Continued from Page One)

grandeur, beauty in a wild sense, that Nature could bestow upon the great 'outdoors'. There are uplands, pine-clad in deep green and hills in a riot of colour on the hardwood in autumn. There are waterfalls and rushing streams, wide deep blue lakes, little lakes like gems in a plush of green. There are winding and tumbling rivers, trout streams, pools teeming with game fish. There are wild animals galore like moose, elk, red-deer, beaver, martens, fisher, mink, bear and mountain lions . . .

But a fellow cannot live on beauty alone and when one is a 'fisher of men' not too much attention can be given, to the lure of the trout-stream. When one is commissioned to run with 'The Hound of Heaven' he dare not waste hours and days on the chase of the deer and moose. Anyway, there are laws here, and game wardens.

The priest in an outpost like mine must take 'pot-luck' with the people. It takes a stout heart and a strong back to scrounge a living in these rugged hills.

Very much like the wild animals that roam the bush-lands, the code of living seems to be 'every man for himself.' Through necessity a priest must be at once a doctor, a lawyer, a mechanic, an agronomist, a forester—a jack-of-all-trades.

The autumn I arrived here was delightful and winter stayed away until Christmas. But we 'had it then' with a vengeance. Hugging the box-stove, in the sacristy, was my favorite pastime on cold long nights with a 40 mile-an-hour wind howling around the belfry, or gables. If the wind came over the hill back of the church, it was sure to blow down the chimney and fill the place with smoke. I shed many a tear from burning eyes (and not emotion) until I was forced to don my fur coat, open up the windows and extinguish the fire in the stove. The next task was to change the course of the wind (by prayer, of course) otherwise someone was liable to find a six-foot icicle, instead of his pastor, the next morning. On calm winter nights with the thermometer at 40 below, you could hear the very air tingling with the clashing of a myriad air particles.

In weather like that, sometimes, the visit of the lumber camps had to be made. Clad in heavy mackinaws with a sixty pound portable on my back I would hit the trail (50 miles) along which were scattered a dozen lumber camps. Swinging along singing a song, until . . .

CHECK OUT

(This is the first short-short sent to Restoration for publication; and the editors are glad to print it. The author, a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy, assures us it is really a true story, and not fiction at all. But we are printing it anyway. We think it is almost as grim as the Bible story of the young man who turned from Christ and went away sorrowfully, because he did not wish to sell what he had and give to the poor.)

"Well, well, well, have a seat, Admiral," boomed the 'Padre' heartily as he rose to greet his mid-morning visitor.

The young naval officer shook the proffered hand and dropped into the only other chair in the tiny office. He proceeded to explain to Father that he had come to buy or beg Rosaries for his trio of small boys so that their enthusiasm might be gained for the family Rosary project he hoped to start.

"They're so young, Father, that to own something adults use means a lot to them."

"Swell." The cheery, middle-aged priest beamed. His eyes shone like the gold stripes on the sleeves of his 'blues.' "Never too young to start the Rosary. The smallest will probably ramble all over the room, and if you do a decade a night, for a while, you'll do well, but it's a start," he chuckled.

Just then the front door of the chapel opened behind the visitor and a young sailor appeared in the office doorway, a card in his hand.

"Checking out?" roared the 'Padre'. He got up, and, excusing himself, walked out into the vestibule to initial the boy's card.

"Got any library books out? No? O.K. Owe the Red Cross any money? Navy Relief? No? Welfare Fund? O.K. Have to check, though." He raised his voice to shout to the yeoman in the Protestant chaplain's large office across the chapel, "Joe, check on Smith, H. V., seaman first class, Squadron Three."

He turned back to the sailor who was waiting nervously for his card. "Catholic, Protestant or Jew?" he queried in what he supposed was a low voice. The answer was a murmur.

"A Catholic!" exclaimed the priest. "I haven't seen you at Mass, have I? No, I thought not. You been going to Mass off the base?"

A murmur.

"You haven't been going?" The voice was booming again. "Why not? Don't you know your soul is in jeopardy? What do you do in Squadron Three?"

Another murmur.

"Air-crewman! You mean you've been off the ground with your soul in a state of mortal sin! You don't go up without a parachute, do you? You wouldn't want the pilot to take off without checking his mags, would you? No! That would be almost as foolish as it is for you to go around without checking your soul!" He paused, and looked again at the card.

"It says on this card that you're going to Squadron Eight for duty. Aren't they flying the Frankfurt to Berlin run?"

Mumble.

"I thought so. D'you want to go to Confession right now? No? My, my, you're going from the frying pan to the fire, Smith. You'd better hope those Russians don't get you till you've changed your mind. My advice to you is to think this over, and then find a priest as soon as you get there . . . if you get there."

The tirade was interrupted by the yeoman who came up to tell the priest that Smith was clear with all agencies. The priest initialed the card and returned it to the sailor with a hearty "God bless you, son."

As Father returned to his office, shaking his head, his face was troubled.

"A tragedy in the making," he remarked. He opened a drawer and withdrew some cheap, black Rosaries. He blessed three and handed them over.

"Put these to work tonight and stick to it, and you'll be helping your boys to stay out of that lad's shoes," he said.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

will think something like this?—

"Shall I go to New York? That was quite a massacre. Or shall I go to Chicago? Perhaps even more Catholics died there than in New York. Or shall I visit Washington, D.C., or Toronto, or Ottawa, or San Francisco, or Los Angeles or Montreal?"

For all I know to the contrary, that pilgrim might even consider visiting Combermere.

A BISHOP'S PLEA

His Excellency, the Most Rev. James E. McManus, C.S.S.R., Bishop of Ponce, Puerto Rico, writes in behalf of his children.

"We used to have a child clinic. We were proud of its array of cribs and beds where the little ones were nursed back to health and strength — thousands every year. The children received both pediatric and surgical aid from efficient doctors and nurses. Other hundreds received clinic treatment daily, and medicines, and free milk.

"But gradually our friends of the past have died, or deserted us, and the money available for this necessary work has become hard to get. First we had to close the ward for Children; then lessen the number of social workers and nurses; and recently we have had to give up the building in which they were located.

"Poor mothers plead for milk and medicine for their sick babies. Must we turn them away? Children urgently in need of medical care and attention are brought to us daily. Must we turn them away? Must we allow them to die, or, even worse, to continue their sickly existence without being able to help them? No, my friend, this is one thing you do not want us to do. This very important work for bodies and souls must go on.

"So we have taken temporary quarters in San Conrado School, and we are building a small new clinic so the work can continue. This is a great worry to me, and a financial burden. I must have help."

He ends with Christ's own words, "What you do for the least of these . . . you do for Me;" and with the promise of offering a novena of Masses for you and your loved ones."

What an opportunity you have here to do something for Christ!

TWELVE IS STILL THE

(Continued from Page One)

Michaud, Mrs. J. Braust, Mrs. J. Dupuis, Mrs. Laura Robertson, Mrs. A. Griffith, Mrs. C. August, Mrs. B. O'Malley, and Mrs. Merle Cameron.

The opening prayer and address of welcome at the July ceremony were delivered by the Reverend W. C. Dwyer, pastor of the Catholic church at Madawaska. The Rev. Robert McDonald, pastor of the Anglican churches at both Combermere and Madawaska, issued the graduating certificates, and made the closing address. The National Anthem was sung, and refreshments were served.

Mrs. E. Doherty acted as chairman. The exercises over, the class voted to organize an auxiliary Red Cross branch, under the direction of the Combermere unit. Mrs. Griffith was elected president, Mrs. August, vice-president; Mrs. Thurston, treasurer; Mrs. Cameron, secretary. The new officials plan to establish a loan cupboard and a sick room supply depot as the first project.

Good luck to you all. You richly deserve it.

TONY and MARTIN

By Anthony Constable

I left Geneva, 2 a.m. and was due in camp by midnight. In Chicago, I was to transfer to the 5:30, last train that would get me there on time. I didn't sleep, as many thoughts kept whirling through my mind. There was the incident of the Cross; my brother-in-law's death; my plea to Martin, that seemingly went unheard; and last, my nephew's death. It was all a great puzzle to me, but all perfect in God's pattern.

While I pondered thus, outside a terrific storm raged, causing our train to lose time. Grippled with anxiety, I asked the conductor if we'd make Chicago by 5:30.

"Can't be done," he replied. "We've lost too much time."

The train had left, when we arrived. The next train was at 10, which meant two hours AWOL, the last thing any soldier wants on his record. I hurried to the bus depot, but no luck. I considered taking a plane or a taxi, but these considerations didn't mature.

The sight of a church brought peace to my troubled mind. I placed my latest predicament in care of Martin.

"I can't fly as you did," I told him, "but you can get me back on time."

Orders From Martin

"Go back to the station," he seemed to advise me.

"Is there any way by which I can make Chanute by midnight?" I asked the gate man at the station.

"You're mighty fortunate," he remarked, "a shipment of troops, going to Chanute, have just arrived, and the 7:30 train is scheduled to make a special stop there. You should be there by 11:30."

A trip to the chapel, in thanksgiving, was my first act, when I returned to camp with half an hour to spare.

Many changes had been made in the few days I was gone. A number of my friends had been sent to other camps, and I had been transferred to another barracks. A new sergeant was in charge, and he had a method, all his own, when getting us up in the morning. Upon entering, he would shout, "Get up! You bunch of ?"—the question mark, referring to any term he desired to apply.

Insults and Abuses

I was aghast. Here were boys that would be brave in the face of fire, yet would take all sort of abuse and insult from their own leaders. They were thoroughly disgusted and talked about it, yet they did nothing about the matter. I had seen this condition over and over. I wanted to be meek, but was it meekness to remain silent? I didn't think so, neverthe-

less, I said nothing for a few mornings, but felt cowardly in doing so.

I consulted Martin, and came to conclusions that to be meek doesn't mean to be weak, so when the sergeant let out his next blast, I countered with one, and told him that he was dealing with human beings, and to treat them as such. I was greatly surprised when he made no reply, and from then on his new method became, "Hit the deck, boys!"

After this, it became easier to win the boys over, and to let them see the horror of profanity, yet there was one who just wouldn't budge, and mornings, especially, would let out with an awful barrage. One morning I had it out with him also. I said to him, somewhat angrily, "Did it ever occur to you, Tony, that there may be some boys in here that wish to say their morning prayers? It would be well for you to say a prayer for the boys who are really suffering in the 'fox holes'."

A Free Country

"I'll do as I please," came the heated reply, "this is a free country, and no one is going to tell me what to do."

I asked Martin to guide me, then cooling off a little, I chided, "It may be a free country, but the only freedom we have, is in doing what is right."

"Who said so? In my way of thinking, it means free to do whatever one chooses?"

Knowing how well he loved his sleep, I said, "Supposing tomorrow morning, say about two or three o'clock, I were to come in here beating a big, base drum, what would you say?"

By this time, it was time for chow, and the discussion ended, but to his credit, I must say that he made every effort to break his malicious habit, and had succeeded to a great extent when he was shipped shortly after.

Among The Few

My leave had no effect on my school work. In fact when tests were over, I was among the few in line for advanced training in messenger work. This course ended on March 24th, whereupon I was placed on restriction in preparation for shipment. This meant no pass for Chicago. At Holy Mass, I spoke to Martin, "Can't leave here without seeing my dear ones," I said. "Who knows, it may be a long, long time before I see them again."

I went to the C.O., but it did no good, "Can't make any exceptions," I was told.

The train, I would have taken, collided as it was entering Chicago, and many boys were hospitalized. I was sorry for the boys, and considered myself most fortunate, yet, I kept insisting that Martin should grant me my request.

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

March 18th, '49, giving hope for help. In addition to my ill health, I have no room to live in, except the corner of the Chapel, which alas too, is full of worms and big white rats, which both scurry and fall all over me... I have no desire though, to build a place for myself... because there are more urgent matters in need of attention... the school, the infirmary... my poor who are hungry... Thank you just the same for the notice you gave my needs in your paper... even though, I only got one dollar from it. Pray for me... for I struggle nightly with despair... yet do trust in God with all my will...

Lipstick... Coke... movies... ice cream... Do we need them? Must they be so expensive? ONE WEEK WITHOUT THEM... WOULD BRING THIS HOLY FATHER... ENOUGH TO START HIS BUILDINGS... TO CURE HIS ILL HEALTH... IF ENOUGH PEOPLE GAVE THEM UP FOR A WEEK... Who will start?



TIMELESS A NOVEL

Thanks to Mr. Edward J. Flynn, of Chicago, we have had the pleasure of reading a novel that is so clean and human and grand that it makes one think of an organ playing softly in a great cathedral.

It is called "Timeless." It was written by Prince Nicholas Tchkotoua, was published by Murray & Gee of Culver City, California, has a foreword by Alfred Noyes, and was the May selection of the Thomas More Book Club. It contains 203 pages, and sells for \$3.00. The author's picture is on the jacket.

The author was born in Batoum, Georgia—the same part of Russia that whelped Stalin. He studied English in London, in 1931. It was his fifth language, we are told. But he writes as though he had studied nothing but English all his life. There isn't a writer living who can-

not benefit from the reading of this, the prince's first novel.

Simple and Sublime

The story is a simple one; and if there is a villain in it the author didn't put him there. The theme is the immortality of true love. The action runs through Georgia, through France, and through the mountains of Switzerland. The romance is a tragic one — yet not so tragic as it is sublime.

Let us quote a few paragraphs—play a few bars of the music.

"Don't be afraid for your love," Father Shalva continued after a short pause. "Love, like everything else made by God, is pure and deathless. Death exists only in the thought of man, and everything he touches turns to death only because he insists on measuring everything with his mortal measures. But there are times when God's power breaks these measures, and then time falls away, and the doors of eternity swing open—as it happened to good Queen Thamar and the man she loved."

"There was another brief pause."

Queen and Poet

"They could not have their love, the great Queen and the humble poet, and there came the time when they had to part forever. Pain and despair filled their hearts. Then one night, as Roustavelli sat at his Queen's feet, dwelling on their unhappiness, God gave Thamar wisdom which even she had never had before, and she spoke His words. 'What is our love, Roustavelli, if we are so afraid to lose it? If it is indeed as great as we think it is, then how can it ever die? Have no fear, my beloved. If it lives forever, we shall never lose it; if it ever disappears, it has not been worth our despair. Go away and love me, even as I love you, and be of good cheer, for there is no death to anything touched by God'."

Prince Tchkotoua — pronounced Chakota — became an American citizen in 1940; and he and his wife live in Santa Barbara, Cal. Both, incidentally, are recent converts to the Catholic faith.

A SEMINARIAN MUST

(Continued from Page One)

ilies can be fed, clothed, nursed, and placed in decent jobs, by their neighbors and fellow parishioners, easily, reverently, lovingly. Homes can be opened to orphans and abandoned children. Youth can ease the burdens of the shut-ins, help the blind, "baby-sit" for young married couples, clean house for the sick, and cheer the lonely.

Lots To Do

Men and women of the parish can help on a larger scale, with counsel, work, friendship, and job-seeking and finding. Races and na-

tionalities will vanish and interracial justice on parish levels be restored, in Caritas-Love, that will flourish in such soil. Only extreme cases of tragic needs may still have to be sent away. And even they, I fervently hope, may some day get all they need of attention and care, right at home IN THEIR PARISH. Like for instance the mentally ill... who in Belgium are cared for so successfully by Catholic Families, trained in the art, of loving, and caring. Utopian? Oh no, friend. Quite sensible and simple... IF ONE'S PERSONAL AND PAROCHIAL LIFE IS CHRIST-CENTRIC.

It's Being Done

I know of a parish where much of this is being done now... In Virginia. A parish that seldom calls on Organized Charity (what a strange title, as if one could organize the flame that charity is!).

Yes, once you set the heart of your parishioners on fire with the love of God... strange, holy and miraculous ways will that love find, to be of service to Christ in its neighbor...

Try and see...

Before Thine Eyes

By Peggy Wyatt

Jesus! The weaknesses which I possess
I do despise
and long to grind them into nothingness
before Thine eyes;
and yet my tall intentions fail to stand
but sway and totter and become undone,
and I would scream to Thee to take my hand
and drag me with Thy Will or make me run
upon the narrow ways that make me strong
and growing stronger gradually break
the million rotten things which must belong
back in the hell where in the demons make
such bits as these to bait the living soul.
Oh God, my God! Endeavoring I fail
and cringe before Thee wanting to be whole
and cringe before Thee knowing I am frail...

TUMBLEWEED—

Eddie Doherty \$2.75
Published by Bruce,
Milwaukee, Wis.

GALL AND HONEY—

Eddie Doherty \$2.75

SPLENDORS OF

SORROW—
Eddie Doherty \$1.25

DEAR BISHOP—

Catherine Doherty \$1.75

These books can be obtained in Canada at the CAMPION BOOK SHOP, 1184 Phillips Place, Montreal, Quebec. — In the U.S.A. direct from the Publishers, Bruce Publishing Co., of Milwaukee, or Shed and Ward, New York.

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